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THE WOUNDED PHEASANT.

## THE WOUNDED PHEASANT.

The moralist, who is not addicted to field sports, and who thinks it right to

"Atone for sins he is inclined to,  
By damning those he has no mind to."

might put forth a very sentimental appeal on behalf of the poor timid wounded pheasant represented in the cut. Here we have a lively and animated view of the perfection of what is called sport. The brilliant, but terrified, bird, disabled, feebly attempts to run from his terrible enemy, while the monster spaniel, with impatient jaws, armed with dreadful teeth, is just on the point of seizing his helpless unresisting victim.

For the agony which the poor helpless creature must know in that moment, every one who shrinks from inflicting pain on the brute creation must feel. It may be hoped that the fury which will not spare, soon places the animal beyond all sense of pain. Whatever compassion the tender hearted may feel for the pheasant, he feels none for the ants and smaller creatures which he devours alive by thousands. Looked in this point of view, most of the sports of the field and flood may be excused. To prey and be preyed upon is the general system established throughout the world since the fall, and man acting as he does by weaker creatures, only takes his place as one link of the vast and incomprehensible chain.

The pheasant has not the most acute sense of hearing. Many persons can imitate the voice of the old bird calling the young ones, as to assemble families of them at the point where the net is spread. It can be bred in confinement like the common fowl. A Mr. Ambler, at Shooter's Hill, had, some years ago, a very fine show. Whether he found it profitable or not may be questioned, as he left the neighbourhood somewhat abruptly, and the pheasantry is no more.

## THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

BY EDWARD PORTWINE.

## CHAPTER XXI.

As Edmund spoke, the gallant officers surrounded him, and were eager to know whether the other player was present. Poynder introduced his friend, who underwent the rigid scrutiny of the cricketers with firmness. After the group had satisfied themselves of his playing points, as any of them would the proportions of a horse, Edmund was consulted regarding the play. He insisted on the presence of

Carrick; and the scions of many a noble house soon evinced their respect for their new ally; for his remarks were so judicious and replete with practical wisdom, that Cumberland, with much deference of manner, requested him to give his opinion whether it was prudent to take the play, if the garrison should win the right. To which Carrick said: "Ask my young friend, Mr. Poynder, and he will give you better advice than I can. I always abide by his discretion and knowledge of the game, and he is generally correct."

The captain looked at Carrick with surprise and admiration;—surprise that a player of his renown should defer to the opinion of so youthful an aspirant for fame, and admiration at his generous confidence in his pupil.

"Well, sir, I admire your good opinion of Mr. Poynder; and perhaps if I consult him, you will be satisfied with your own position in the field."

"Perfectly, sir," replied Carrick, and he bowed respectfully, and retired to "feel the ball" for a few moments.

Captains Cumberland and Phipps then requested Edmund's attendance in the tent to settle preliminaries; and while they are consulting on these important points, we will take another glance around the field, now alive with thousands of human creatures, anxiously waiting for the commencement of the sport in which they so much delighted, and of which they felt so proud.

To the company of the Chequers were now added Miss Cumlin and Miss Jeffery, attended by the smuggler, dressed in the fashion he had lately assumed, for which nature had so adapted his fine manly form. Cumlin received Waldron cordially, and introduced him to his daughter with peculiar meaning. Margaret received Waldron with perfect good breeding, and with a frankness which made his heart leap joyfully. He forgot all previous surmises, and at once accused himself of injustice in suspecting her affection. James offered her his arm, which she accepted, and the couple emerged from the booth, and walked forth on the plain. Close to the booth stood a singular pony: a bright bay, with an intelligent cast of countenance, which immediately attracted the notice of Miss Cumlin. The animal was gazing towards the wicket, pricking up his ears, pawing the ground, and neighing with glee. Margaret approached the steed, patted the little fellow's neck, and said—"Poor dumb animal! he seems sensible that human creatures are about to enter a contest for fame and honour; perhaps he has been often a visitor to such scenes. Come, then, pretty fellow; come, then."

The intelligent animal appeared sensible to the caresses of the lovely girl, for

he increased his antics, which amused Margaret greatly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "how I should like to possess such an excellent creature; how fond his master must be of him. Do you believe that horses possess great intelligence, nearly approaching the reason of man, Mr. Waldron?"

James looked on his charming companion with increased interest.

"Yes, Miss Cumlin, I think some of these beautiful animals have a deal more intelligence than man, without his vices and crimes. How happy should I feel if you would accept of a pretty quiet little shelly I possess. May I present him to you?"

"By no means," quickly rejoined Margaret. "I was very foolish to desire this pretty animal; but I was attracted by his evident intelligence. Let us pass on."

The pair turned, and raising their eyes, perceived Poynder standing at their side. He had been a delighted witness to the colloquy, and he felt a higher regard for Miss Cumlin for her kindness to his favourite; for the horse was an old companion. Margaret blushed, and trembled at this encounter, as she extended her hand to him, which Edmund pressed respectfully.

"I feel highly honoured, as one of the cricketers, by your presence here to-day, Miss Cumlin: it will nerve many an arm and determine many a heart to excel in the noble game."

Miss Cumlin blushed as she listened to the remarks of one she so much regarded, and she replied, with a sweet smile irradiating her charming countenance, "I could not resist the opportunity of witnessing the skill of Mr. Poynder, who is, I understand, so excellent a player; and if I nerve any man's arm for good and great actions, I shall never feel complimented by a flatterer's tongue."

"Pardon me, Miss Cumlin," responded Edmund, "I dislike fulsome flattery as much as yourself; but feeling pleased to see you again by the side of my friend, with the blush of happiness mantling on your countenance, I supposed you were attracted by the manly game; but if I am mistaken I have only to thank heaven that there is, at least, one amongst this assemblage of manly beauty and feminine loveliness, who is, and must be, happy, by your attendance here to-day."

Margaret's heart beat audibly in her bosom at this allusion, and judging Poynder's feelings by the throbbing of her own heart, she concluded he alluded to himself. The colour deepened into a bright blush as these thoughts passed with the rapidity of lightning through her mind, and she absolutely trembled when Edmund concluded

his remarks. She turned to the steed, and patted the animal on the neck. The sensible creature fawned on Poynder, with that true instinct which the noble horse generally feels towards a good and humane master or mistress. What then was Margaret's surprise when Poynder uttered, "My poor Peggy, do you feel a desire for our commencement of the sport?" here the animal pawed the ground, indicating he understood the import of the interrogatory. "Ah! you are a faithful, fond, creature, and you will soon enjoy the scene as much as any human creature on this wide plain."

Edmund then placed some provender before his favourite; caressed him again; the horse neighed, and appeared to feel such attention. Margaret gazed on the horse, then on Poynder, with delight.

"Why, Edmund, is the animal yours? Miss Cumlin has been admiring her for some moments. She is a fine creature, and possesses blood, bone, and good points."

"Ah," replied Poynder, "she is an old friend—she is an heir-loom almost. The only regret I felt at leaving England so long was on her account; when I returned, the beautiful animal was almost mad with joy. Well may Miss Cumlin admire her; but the truly noble generally love each other; and I cannot wonder at her being attracted to my favourite Peggy."

"You have such a good natured way of flattering any one," cried Waldron, "that Margaret cannot feel angry at your eulogies, nor I jealous."

Margaret darted a look at James which sent the blood darting through his veins; he jealous! absurd, ridiculous vanity.

The bell now resounded over the plain to commence play, and Edmund grasped his bat, which had been reposing close to his horse, and said, gaily, "I am in first; we won and chose commencing. Give me, Miss Cumlin, your good wishes; they will nerve my arm, and I then shall be distinguished in this day's contest."

Miss Cumlin answered with more feeling—so thought Waldron—than was necessary to such a speech, and Edmund walked to the pavilion, with his head bent on his breast. He disregarded the whispers or remarks of the crowd through which he passed. An English cricket ground is generally attended by real good feeling, and in no county in Great Britain is there more generosity of character displayed towards rivals in this manly amusement than in Kent. To real merit the men of this county are never indifferent, and the respectful attention and deference they pay to good players, is gratifying to the cricketer and honourable to good hearty English feeling. Carrick was a veteran in the game; graceful, quick-sighted, and a truly great player when in the field;

whether at keeping a wicket or bowling, he was really splendid. And if he experienced an interest in the game, his slight and phant frame would bear any extent of fatigue. Such was Carrick. Poynder had been his pupil, and worthy was he of his great master; and proud was that master of his pupil. Poynder possessed science and nerve in the field and in batting, and he had acquired great influence in his club, and with the public who were acquainted with his powers. He was much respected by them. When, therefore, Edmund left Margaret and James, he passed through a crowd who interrupted his reflective mood, and infused a different feeling—emulation, into his mind. There are very few men who do not feel the influence of kind wishes, whether emanating from the native honesty in the rustic, or from the well educated polished life, and the encouraging looks and language now lavished on him, as he shook his hand with a host of friends, was gathering to his heart. Amongst the crowd no persons were so warm in their greetings and good wishes as a group of Folkstone lads, at the head of whom stood Cumlin. The smuggler grasped Poynder's hand with much warmth, and the band, many of which were present, applauded their leader. Edmund returned the salutation of Cumlin and his friends after receiving their good wishes; he met Carrick, and they repaired to the pavilion which held the aristocracy of Kent.

Edmund entered the pavilion with an elastic step, followed by Carrick, and after having persuaded the officers of the garrison to permit his friend to go in with him, he took his farewell of the officers. On reaching the principal outlet of the tent, he turned to gaze on the form of a lady whose back was towards him; he was powerfully induced to this from hearing her voice—a voice he thought he had listened to before. The young man trembled and appeared deeply agitated as he looked at a majestic form near him—proportions on which no eye could rest and forget. His senses wandered. Surely he was dreaming. Could it be possible that she, the peerless, the beautiful creature he had seen in another land, and amidst widely different scenes, now stood before him. He could not be mistaken—he would be convinced. Edmund spoke to Carrick, as he was passing out, in tones loud enough to be heard by the stately creature he had regarded for a moment with such deep interest.

The full tones of his musical voice fell on the ear of the lady. She suspended her conversation, became spell-bound and incapable of exertion. She sank on a seat, not daring to raise her eyes in the direction from which the sounds proceeded; her

beautiful bosom heaved with strong emotion; her coral lips separated; her eye-balls appeared to dilate; and this lovely woman, the admired and followed by hundreds, seemed prostrated by sudden indisposition. Miss Burton and Captain Cumberland, with whom she was conversing, were alarmed, and the gentleman rushed to the side-board for restoratives, which he presented to her. Although half fainting, she rallied her powers, and rose from the couch with an extraordinary effort; she thanked the gallant officer, and attributed her illness to the heat of the tent, and wished to be removed to a seat outside the pavilion. Leaning on the arm of Amanda, she turned, and with startling eye-balls gazed to that part of the tent from which the ominous voice proceeded; but she gazed on vacancy. She felt relief; her truant colour returned, and her spirit became buoyant—her manners enchanting. In the direction of the cricket ground she perceived two persons with bats under their arms, proceeding to the wickets amidst the plaudits of the multitude. On one of those persons she strained her optic nerves almost beyond their tension, in order to identify the form with the voice that had so agitated her. She gazed and became convinced that her senses had not deceived her; the conviction again unnerved her. The game commenced, and all doubt was lost in certainty; that form distinguished by grace—those features, irregular and plain, could not be mistaken. Again the superior play, as described to her by Cumberland, displayed by Poynder, for on him her vision had been directed—the scientific manner of his batting and blocking was loudly applauded by hundreds. What his play wanted in effect was supplied by the elegant and classical attitudes which characterised his execution. Edmund had no claim to the distinction of a hard hitter, his forte consisted in preserving his wicket. Carrick well knew this, and commenced striking the leathern globe with such earnestness that the ball was sent in all directions, skipping over the plain amidst the loud huzzas of the admiring crowd. Cumberland, who waited on Miss Johnson and Amanda Burton, explained every point of the play with such fidelity that the ladies were deeply interested.

"Ah, there is a beautiful point; two runs, by all that is fortunate," cried the captain with enthusiasm, as Carrick cut the ball by the field at the point of the bat.

"Over," cried the umpire at that moment.

"And now Poynder has the ball, I hope he will not fail," said Lord Greenock, who, with his father, Sir James Colleton, Sir Walter Jackson, Captain Phipps, and Ge-

neral Johnson, just then joined our little group outside the pavilion.

"Fail, my lord!" cried Miss Johnson; "he fail! You little know that young man; he cannot fail in anything he undertakes."

The noble lord and the company looked with surprise, but there was no time for comment, as the ball was delivered that instant, and away she went from the heel with tremendous force, which is always the case from sharp bowling, and William Dean was at that period esteemed the swiftest deliverer of a ball in England.

"Three notches, by St. Gudule," shouted Phipps, with great glee.

"Poynder will do—he is safe now, he has received ten balls, and it will puzzle Dean to feel his stumps," rejoined Cumberland.

"Indeed, captain, you are right; they will have enough of our 'breeches and gaiters' friend, which they laughed at most heartily before dinner time," cried Phipps, with increased satisfaction.

For some time both batters exhibited great excellence in their play; Carrick with his clean hitting at the point and face, while Edmund appeared determined to maintain his reputation as a first-rate blocker and heel hitter. Carrick now made a beautiful off hit at the front of the ball, which brought three runs, amidst general cheering. The next five balls were received by Edmund from Dean with great science. They were well pitched, and beautifully played; and although not a run was made, yet Dean appeared crest-fallen and dispirited at his unsuccessful efforts to rip up Poynder's wicket. Again Carrick received the ball, and again she was sent over the plain with force and effect. On the delivery of the fourth ball by Sir H. Oxondon, who bowled with Squire Barnard, Carrick made a brilliant cut, and attempted a run; the ball was arrested by the long stop, an excellent fielder; she was thrown in, and off went Carrick's bales before he could recover his mistake. The county were uproarious at the victory, and the garrison deplored the loss of one of their best players. Carrick, before leaving the wicket, crossed over to Poynder, and took his hand, amidst great cheering; he whispered in his ear, and then slowly entered the tent of the Hythe Club.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

The best player in England had brought eighteen to the score, and now Cumberland grasped his bat, and repaired to the field of action. He had to receive the last ball from Oxondon, and, alas! that ball sent his near stump flying in the air. Cumberland appeared crest-fallen: he gazed on

the stump, his own position, the guard he had made; and, after some little reflexion, declared the ball had been pitched wide at the leg, and had curved into his wood, to which the victors gave but little credence. The third player, Phipps, appeared bent on mischief, but his ardour was restrained by Poynder, who now received the ball. Phipps appeared lost in admiration at the fine steady play of Edmund, which he generously said was "beautiful," as they passed midway between the wickets on an easy run made by Poynder at the point. Edmund replied by a bend of his head. It was now Phipps' turn to receive the raking fire of Dean; and no soldier in the battle-field ever stood a shot better. He nipped the leather, the fielder at the slip missed his footing, and away she went, and four notches were scored by the garrison. This gentleman performed his duty gallantly, until his doom was sealed by a ball ripping up his off stumps. Thus three men fell, and Edmund still maintained the post of honour. Another and another succeeded him, but still, the officers asserted, stood "breeches and gaiters" smiling and confident. The garrison obtained one hundred and twenty-three runs—a noble innings; and Poynder carried to his club his triumphant baton. Crowds flocked around him, congratulating him. Edmund appeared indisposed to accept so much homage. He felt fatigued, now the exertion was over; and gladly availed himself of the opportunity to retire inside the bar of the Chequers, to obtain refreshment and rest previously to taking the field. He had obtained thirty-eight runs, and the greatest honour a cricketer can achieve—"carrying out his bat." There were four hearts in that assemblage which throbbed with delight at the success of Poynder; and although they did not loudly applaud, yet their gratification was excessive. We allude to Miss Jeffery, Miss Cumlin, Miss Gettings, and last, not least, the peerless daughter of General Johnson. The latter lady felt a bitter pang when she perceived that the young man preferred the humble booth of Miss Gettings to the gorgeous magnificence of the pavilion; and her feelings were rendered more acute when she some time afterwards perceived two ladies by his side, promenading on the plain; with the aid of her glass she could perceive one was exquisitely beautiful, and the other the very personification of gentleness. With pride Margaret accepted Edmund's escort, joined with the pretty Jane, and the three were the observed of all the company. Discoursing on the events of the day, the three passed round the plain, now gazing on the calm beauties of the unruffled Channel, the serene landscape in the far west, and the fine pastures



of the uplands in the north. During the recess, or the time that generally intervenes between the first and second innings, the company of spectators usually perambulate the ground, in order to be seen and to gaze on others; for a game of cricket is indeed a holiday in bright and beautiful Kent. In one part of the ground a hundred persons were congregated, to witness a feat of strength and activity. A wager had been laid by some of the Hythe Club, that one of their body would heave a full-sized cricket ball two hundred yards, after five yards run before the delivery of the same. This wager had been accepted by Waldron, who was esteemed an excellent long field. When our party arrived near this group of fine athletic young men, they perceived a youth with a ball in his hand, in the act of heaving it. This is no mean feat to force the round leather two hundred yards without touching the earth. The young cricketer ran from his starting place, and threw the ball with much force; but the judges at the distance of forty rods declared it to have fallen one yard short of the spot marked out. Waldron then offered to take a wager that he would perform the feat, which was accepted. Waldron threw the ball a foot over the mark. Loud shouts rent the air, as the ball reached its destination.

Poynder then whispered to his companions: "Waldron throws a good ball, and I will put his skill to the test." He then said to Waldron: "James, I will thank you to perform the feat from the other end."

"Bravo, Poynder for ever," shouted the multitude.

Waldron poised the ball with great care, and then carefully stepped out his five yards, and the next moment the round substance whizzed through the air. All proceeded to the spot, quite certain that Waldron had achieved a victory. But Edmund shook his head, as he said to his lovely companions: "If James has done this, he is the first being I ever saw perform it. He had the wind in his favour the first throw, but he has the current against him in the last; and he will find himself four or five feet short of his mark."

And so it proved. James had thrown it four feet and a half short of the goal, which appeared to chagrin him much; until Edmund explained the physical impediments to the feat, he was puzzled at his failure.

The bell now sounded shrilly for the second innings. East Kent, the flower of England, in this interesting game, were now to take their chance and exhibit their inimitable science as batsmen. The field was directed by Carrick, who kept both wickets, and bowled from one while Cumberland officiated at the other. Edmund

was placed at the point of the bat, a post requiring great skill, a quick eye, and ready hand. Two fine men handled their bats with graceful elegance; they were fine specimens of the Kentish player of thirty years' since. The straight-armed bowling had not then made its innovation. The underhand delivery of the ball can be given almost to a certainty, while the modern doctrine (which we abhor) is so devoid of accuracy, that we have seen fifty balls delivered by our friend Alfred Mynn, in Copenhagen Fields, to a mere tyro in play, and out of them thirty *wide*. It certainly appears more graceful, but accuracy is wanting. Carrick loved the old school, and although this new system had been attempted by Squire Dean, yet Carrick adhered to the custom of days of yore. Nothing could be finer than to perceive his delivery of the ball, or anything more true than the unerring accuracy with which he delivered the first five balls, which struck terror into the hearts of the two best Kent players, who were placed at the wicket. The umpire called "over," and not a hit or a ghost of one had been made. Three to two on the garrison were offered. We should here state the match was for a cool £500 and expenses.

Cumberland next essayed his skill, he was bitten with the new mania, delivering his balls wide, and but for the brilliant fielding of the garrison the county would have scored immensely. The next five by Carrick were expected with great anxiety. The first ball was pitched short, the keen eye of the batter perceived the error, and struck the ball with tremendous force with his bat in the upright or true position. Midway between the wickets Carrick leaped high in the air, and as rapid as lightning he caught it, and the next instant the ball was seen high in the clouds as a token of "out." It is impossible to describe the sensation created by this extraordinary "catch." The force with which the ball was struck rendered it almost an impossibility to impede its progress, much less to catch it, but it was caught, and Carrick's rigid resolute look relaxed at his success into a smile of pride. Shouts resounded from the masses, and their pleasure and astonishment were great. Even the enemy looked on with admiration and pride, for was he not also one of their own—a Kentish cricketer? and although then comparatively unknown, yet that day's play was destined to change the fortune of many a game.

Lord Greenock, who had laid deeply on the garrison, remarked to General Johnson "that the field was won; such a player was a host himself;" and his lordship was correct with regard to Carrick, but not with regard to the termination.

Carrick regarded Edmund's look of silent admiration far above the plaudits of the field. Cumberland was loud in his praises. Phipps quite noisy in his happiness, for they regarded the contest as no longer doubtful. Poynder and Carrick rebuked them, and while waiting for a new player, the latter said, "Gentlemen, be not too sanguine; you know not the mettle of us Kentish youths, or our skill, if you suppose the victory complete. It is true that one of the best men is 'out,' but here comes one that will give us some work, or I am mistaken."

The officers directed their eyes to a short stout gentlemanly young man, a younger son of the noble house of Dean, and Phipps said laughing, "Oh, we will make short work with him."

Edmund and Carrick shook their heads disapprovingly. John Dean bowed with some hauteur to Poynder, whose parent was a tenant on his father's estate, and immediately proceeded to play. The first ball from Carrick ripped up his near stump, and without the slightest emotion the scion of the Dean's, and the best batter on the field, calmly shouldered his wood, and proceeded to the pavilion. This was a dreadful blow, and its effects were immediate, for to use a common rustic phrase, the remainder "went out like rotten sheep," scoring only fifty-two notches.

*(To be continued.)*

## AEROLITHS, OR METEORIC STONES.

*(Continued from page 57.)*

BY E. J. LOWE.

Most of the stones which have fallen from the atmosphere have been preceded by luminous meteors, a few specimens of which have been known to emit light nearly equal to the sun in splendour. They burst with an explosion, which is followed by a shower of meteoric-stones; these sometimes continue luminous till they are buried in the earth, but mostly their luminousness disappears at the moment of bursting. These meteors are seen in every climate, at every season of the year, and at every period of the day. They mostly appear when the sky is serene or cloudless (but this is not always the case). Most of them move at a prodigious rate. Sir John Pringle calculated the one seen in November, 1758, and he gained the following result: "that it moved with a velocity greater by 3½ miles in a second than that of the earth in its orbit, and passed over thirty English miles in a second" (or 1800 miles in a minute). According to the celebrated Balbus's calculations on the meteor seen at Bologna in March, 1719, it could not have moved at a greater speed than 1530 feet in

a second; but we have no reason to believe but that others must have moved equally slow, if not slower, of which observations have not been taken. These meteors proceed from as well as to all points of the compass; but do not move in the direction of the wind, or with an equal velocity. They almost all fell in the direction of the earth, and consequently from a rarer to a denser atmosphere; "but as none have ever been known to move upwards, their motion therefore cannot be explained in like manner with the sky-rockets, where the superior air is rarified by the flame, and that below condensed." Their shape is sometimes round, and sometimes in a lengthened form; so that their extent often occupies seven or eight degrees of the heavens. A very few had an apparent motion round their axis. Their apparent magnitude varies very considerably; but on several occasions it has been ascertained to exceed that of our satellite. The greater number of them scattered a very brilliant dazzling flame, but a fewer number omitted a very faint light. Their colour as well as splendour varies very much, sometimes being red, other times blue, violet, yellow, or brilliant white; and some very beautiful ones exhibited the prismatic colours. Their real diameter must be very considerable, and they must also originate at a very considerable height above the surface of our earth. The brilliant meteor which appeared in July, 1762, was ascertained to be 72,276 toises. "On this account," says a distinguished author, "their origin cannot be ascribed merely to electricity, though some have considered them as occasioned by the action of the electric fluid between the clouds and the aurora borealis, which would agree exceedingly well with their actual height; as, according to the measurements repeatedly made by Bergman, Kastner, and Lambert, the aurora polaris have an altitude equal to or exceeding thirty German miles; and, according to every appearance, no fireballs have been seen higher." This led the celebrated Halley, Franklin, and Bittenhouse, to form that idea which Dr. Chladni has taken up and defended with so much skill, that these very extraordinary phenomena, together with the falling stars or candate meteors, are cosmical meteors belonging to the atmosphere of the sun, which, being brought in contact with our earth in its course round that luminary, are ignited by some unknown cause as soon as they enter the earth's atmosphere. The time these aeroliths remain visible varies very considerably; some disappear a second or two after they are first observed, but others remain visible very much longer; the one seen by De Gaussane continued half an hour. Many in their course throw out

'parks; and when an explosion of these bodies takes place, it is immediately followed by a rumbling noise like thunder, or a sudden report. Mostly after bursting they become invisible; but a few of them seemed to dissolve and disperse into smoke, and in some instances a sulphurous smell was perceptible after their disappearance. "As scoriaceous masses have frequently been either actually seen to fall at the time of the disappearance of these phenomena, or soon after found on the earth's surface, and as it is positively proved that stones have fallen from the atmosphere, Dr. Chladni concludes that both these phenomena are connected."

Now I have given you a description of the particulars concerning these meteors, I shall, in as few words as possible, state the opinions of various authors on their origin.

In the first place, we cannot suppose that these remarkable aëroliths can, originate from any earthly volcano, because we have frequent observations of their falling in those parts of the world most remote from any volcano.

In the second place as this occurrence frequently takes place in very serene or cloudless weather, "their origin cannot be the same causes which operate in the production of rain, thunder storms, or tornadoes."

Thirdly, some conceive that these large luminous masses could be very easily propagated in the higher regions of the atmosphere, but this idea by most of the first men of the age is totally discarded.

In the fourth place, Dr. Hutton, Poisson, La Place, and many others, held out that they were cast from our satellite (the moon). They demonstrated the abstract proportion "that a heavy body projected with a velocity of 6,000 feet per second might be carried beyond the sphere of the moon's attraction, and therefore come within the attraction of our earth. But, says Dr. Dick, in his celebrated *Celestial Scenery*, "It has never yet been proved that volcanoes exist on the surface of the moon; and, although they did exist, and were as large and powerful as our terrestrial volcanoes, they would have no force sufficient to carry large masses of stones with such a rapid velocity over a space of several thousands of miles. Besides, were the moon the source of meteoric-stones, ejected from the craters of volcanoes, we should expect such volcanic productions to exhibit several varieties of aspect and composition, and not the precise number of ingredients which are always found in meteoric-stones." La Place was, after a time, induced by seeing so many obstacles in the way to give up the idea of the aëroliths descending from the moon.

Fifthly. "In order to trace the origin of these meteoric-stones," says Sir David Brewster, "we are under the necessity of directing our views far beyond the orbit of the moon. On the supposition that the bursting of a large planet was the origin of the small planets Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas, we may trace a source whence meteoric-stones probably originate. When the cohesion of the planet was overcome by the action of the explosive force, a number of little fragments, detached along with the greater masses, would, on account of their smallness, be projected with very great velocity; and, thrown beyond the attraction of the greater fragments, might fall towards the earth, when Mars happened to be in the remote part of his orbit. When the portions which are thus detached arrive within the sphere of the earth's attraction they may revolve round that body at different distances, and may fall upon its surface, in consequence of a diminution of their centrifugal force; or, being struck by the electric fluid, they may be precipitated upon the earth, and exhibit all those beautiful phenomena which usually accompany the descent of meteoric-stones."

Lastly, I shall give the opinion of T. Foster, Esq., F.L.S., M.B., who imagines "that these meteors may be owing to some common principle of chemical action going on in the higher regions of the atmosphere; which, when more gentle and slow, may only cause the blazing meteors; but which, when more intense, may go on to consolidate large masses of newly composed substances, and may manifest itself by the fall of aëroliths:" he further states that "he sees no necessity for supposing with Aristotle and M. de Luc, that the gases to form the meteors should ascend from the earth, nor any proof of their ascent; but it may be by means of gases somewhere formed aloft and taking fire that the meteoric-stones are formed."

As all these theories are full of difficulties, it would be premature on my part to hazard an opinion on the subject, therefore I have stated all these different opinions, that you may each form your own from them. All that we can do is to reflect on these grand works and dispensations of the Almighty, and we cannot do this without exclaiming, in the language of inspiration, "Great and marvellous are thy works Lord God Almighty."

#### MONTHOLON'S CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON.

So much has been written about Napoleon, that little new can be told. Old facts hashed up, with occasionally a new scheme formed for his escape from St. Helena, not



conceived perhaps till after his decease, are all that can be expected. Still as those who had the high distinction of remaining about his person after his abdication naturally conceive they have something to tell which others could not report, they will of course continue to write while booksellers can be found to publish.

Count Montholon has nothing very extraordinary to tell. The most pungent parts of his book are the notices he gives of Sir Hudson Lowe. Of that officer's character and appearance, the count thus delivers himself:

"He was a man between forty and fifty years of age, above the middle size, with the cold and gracious smile of a diplomatist; his hair was beginning to turn grey, but still preserved the primitive tints of light brown, although his long and lowering eyebrows were of a deep red. His look was penetrating, but he never looked honestly in the face of the person whom he addressed. He was not in the habit of sitting down, but swayed about whilst speaking with hesitation, and in short rapid sentences. It was undoubtedly his eye, which had something treacherous in it, that made an impression upon the emperor. Sir Hudson Lowe was a man of great ability, and had the extraordinary faculty of giving to all his actions such a colouring as suited the object which he proposed to effect. An excellent man of business, and of extreme probity. Amiable when he pleased, and knowing how to assume the most engaging form. He might have acquired our gratitude, but he preferred the disgraceful reprobation which followed him to the tomb. He was said to be a good father and a good husband. I know nothing of him in any relation, except in his connexion with Longwood, in which the whole of his conduct was marked with the stamp of insatiable hatred—outrages and vexations completely useless as regarded the emperor; and I should have said, with a profound conviction of its truth, that the death of the emperor was his object, had he not said to me, on the 6th of May, 1821, with all the accent of truth—'His death is my ruin.' The ruling vice of Sir Hudson Lowe's character was an unceasing want of confidence—a true monomania. He often rose in the middle of the night—leaped out of bed in haste, from dreaming of the emperor's flight—mounted his horse, and rode like a man demented to Longwood, to assure himself, by interrogating the officer on duty, that he was labouring under the effects of nightmare, and not of a providential instinct; and yet, notwithstanding this, the impression on his mind was so lively that he could never decide on leaving Longwood, till he received our word of honour that the em-

peror was in his apartments. There was then almost an effusion of gratitude on his part, and he excused himself for having disturbed us in the middle of the night."

To exhibit his temper, we have the following anecdote:

"Lieutenant-colonel Skelton, who was returning to Europe, had pressed me strongly to take into my service a Lascar, who was an excellent valet-de-chambre, and from whom he parted with regret, and I had consented to it. The man was at Longwood, without Sir Hudson Lowe's knowledge—at least, he pretended so. As misfortune would have it—he saw him, on making one of his usual tours of inspection to know all that was going on. His rage was extreme. He took no time to reflect on the brutal impropriety he was about to do, and, without asking for any account from the officer on duty at Longwood, he dashed full gallop at the poor Lascar, and seizing him by the throat, as a policeman would grasp a thief, he ordered a dragoon belonging to his escort to conduct him as a prisoner to the town, to be there examined. None of the French had seen him—the English did not dare to inform me, and it was not until I was dressing for dinner, that, having sent to call my valet in all directions, I was made acquainted with the scene which had been enacted by Sir Hudson Lowe. The emperor was offended; the man pleased him, and he wished him to wait at table; his Indian costume, his turban, his muslin tunic, embroidered with gold, his cashmere shawl, the tout-ensemble recalled his recollections of the east. He ordered the grand marshal to write to Sir Hudson Lowe, who, on this occasion at least, was convinced that he was wrong, and excused himself on account of his ignorance of the true situation of the Lascar at Longwood; but he never restored him to me, for foreseeing the issue of these explanations, he had sent him on board ship two hours after his arrest."

He adds another, giving a very unfavourable view of Sir Hudson:

"The Newcastle frigate had brought us out several large boxes of books. This was a great pleasure to the emperor, and it afforded him occupation for several days to classify and arrange them on the shelves of an extempore library, which he had caused to be made of boards, in the room which I had occupied at the commencement of our establishment at Longwood, and which now became for the future the library. These books were sent by the government, but as they had been bought according to the instructions of General Bertrand, the ministry required the price of them, which, according to them, amounted to 36,000 francs. Three fowling-pieces

had also been sent with this cargo. Sir Hudson Lowe took great care to send them, specifying it as a piece of politeness on the part of the prince regent; but the emperor caused them to be sent back again to Plantation House, saying that he had no need of fowling-pieces, since he was confined to a space encircled by dry lava, where there were no wild animals except rats. He added, that he could not but believe that wrong ideas were entertained in England respecting his condition, or otherwise he could not consider the present of fowling-pieces in any other light than that of an odious mockery. As the grand marshal constantly refused to reimburse the 36,000 francs, without having received the bills, &c., the books were seized by Sir Hudson Lowe after the emperor's death, and sold by him as the property of government for 4 or 5,000 francs, without his having informed either General Bertrand or myself of the circumstance. Many of these books were covered with notes written by the emperor, and nearly all contained his impressions on reading them. The sale of these books was a subject of real grief to me, but I cannot reproach myself with having left any means untried, after the death of the emperor, of appropriating them to myself, by offering to pay immediately the sum claimed for them. Sir Hudson Lowe asserted, and perhaps truly, that it was not in his power to dispose of the books, which were, *de facto*, the property of the government."

Another statement, penned in the same spirit, meets us in the count's notice of a new year's day festival:

"Instead of the Tuileries, our miserable habitation; instead of our France, so often regretted, St. Helena, so often lamented; instead of the caresses of a family, the congratulations of courtiers, the shouts of a nation, and the homage of Europe—the good wishes, though without hope, of some companions in captivity, whose numbers might at any moment be diminished by the caprice of an odious gaoler. The emperor received with kindness our good wishes and our homage. 'I believe you,' said he to us; 'but I only expect from fate that death which will terminate my misfortunes. You yourselves see that every day is marked by some new outrage; I pity you, for the more proofs you give me of your devotion, the more you must feel my sufferings. Let us hope, at least, that Mr. Lowe will allow me to pass this day without condemning me to remain shut up in my room to avoid meeting him in the garden. Your children shall dine with me. I wish their joy to be complete. Come, Hortense, you shall have the first present.' The hopes of the emperor were not, however, to be realised; and the insult would

forcibly have brought back his thoughts to his cruel position, had not General Gourgaud kept, till the next day, the secret of the pretended mistake, which caused him to remain for an hour the prisoner of a sentry. One of the sentries of Hut's-gate interpreted his orders wrong, and arrested General Gourgaud, who was only set free at the expiration of this sentry's guard by the corporal who relieved him. The grand marshal hastened to Sir Hudson Lowe to complain, but obtained no answer than the general one, that it was an error which should not be repeated; and yet a week afterwards the same error occurred. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, when a sentry, who interpreted his orders in our favour, received a hundred lashes, whilst the interpreting them against us was merely considered as an excess of zeal, a proof of fidelity, a mark of bad intentions towards us. We learned on this occasion that Sir Hudson very frequently gave orders to the sentries during his rides, without the commanders of the detachment knowing anything of them, except by the report of the corporal who had relieved the sentinel to whom such extraordinary orders had been given, in direct opposition to the rules of military service. We heard also that the soldier who had arrested General Gourgaud had received from Sir Hudson positive orders to arrest any Frenchman who should present himself at Hut's-gate to pass, except he were accompanied by an English officer, even if it should be General Bonaparte himself. But Hut's-gate was within our limits, which extended for more than a mile beyond this in two directions; in the third direction alone, Hut's-gate formed the boundary."

There is more to the same effect. Sir Hudson Lowe is no more, and we are not to believe all that is reported to his prejudice. It is impossible to read what was formerly put forth even by some of the most zealous adherents of Napoleon, without seeing reason to believe that in his misfortunes the ex-emperor was somewhat wanting in magnanimity; and that if the governor of St. Helena ever acted with harshness, he had been exasperated into it by the foolish impatience which rejected what were meant to be courtesies as insults. A soldier himself, Napoleon ought to have remembered that to obey superiors was Sir Hudson's first imperative duty. By the fortune of war he had gained the rank of emperor; by the fortune of war he lost it. When this happened, ought he to have been hurt or offended when Sir Hudson Lowe, or any body else in the British service, addressed him, not as emperor, but as General Bonaparte?

# A FAIRY TALE FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Stop! read! *Douglas Jerrold*, as usual, is clever. In fiction as in fact, there is clearness with brevity—humour, natural and wholesome.

Ages and ages since there lived a great king who was called Dominant. His palace was built of crystal and marble, the windows seeming of one, the walls of the other. Now, king Dominant had one daughter, the most beautiful creature you ever saw, and her name was Cherrylips. The king was of course very fond of his child. She was educated in all the ordinary learning of the age, and did not take long to acquire it. Now, when Cherrylips was in the flower of her maidenhood, the king, her father, wished to marry her to some great and good prince. He therefore caused proclamation to be made throughout all his dominions, that all the artists who lived there should repair to court, in order that they might paint portraits of the princess, so that the fame of her beauty might go abroad to all ends of the earth.

And accordingly the artists came, and one after another they tried to transfer the loveliness of Cherrylips to paper and canvas. But none succeeded. All the portraits they produced were unworthy of the original. Then the king was wroth; but the chief of the painters said to him, "Be not wroth, oh king! Behold it is not the fault of our want of skill, but the fault of thy daughter's excess of beauty, which has caused our failure; no mortal hand can portray the loveliness of Cherrylips."

King Dominant was somewhat mollified by the excuse, and he asked the chief of the painters what he ought to do in order to obtain his daughter's likeness. So the chief of the painters said, "There is a great sage and potent enchanter, who lives near this city, and his name is Deepone. Call him into thy council, and he shall advise thee."

Now king Dominant had heard before of Deepone, who was a man of wondrous lore and crafty skill, living by himself in a magic cell, and studying night and day. Dominant was well-inclined to befriend Deepone; but not far from his dominions lived a wicked fairy, called Bullyana, of whom the king was in considerable awe, and who hated Deepone, because of his knowledge and the great power he wielded. Therefore, it was not without some misgiving that king Dominant called sage Deepone to his palace.

However, he made up his mind at length, and Deepone arrived. He was a venerable man, with a bright eye, and a white beard, and instead of a wand he carried in his hand a book.

"Hail, oh Deepone!" said the king. "Tell me, if thou mayst, who can paint my daughter Cherrylips' portrait?"

"Hail, oh king!" answered Deepone. "So lovely is the princess, that mortal hand and mortal brush would fail in the attempt. There is but one agency in nature which can paint the princess—which can make dead canvas glow with her living features; it is the agency which vivifies and enlightens and cheers the world. Oh king! the sun must paint the princess's portrait."

At this word the king was angry, and the courtiers murmured. "Take care what thou sayest, oh sage," answered Dominant. "Kings must not be trifled with, and surely what you propose is impossible."

"Not so," said Deepone. "Let the princess stand forth." And Cherrylips stood forth, blushing.

Then Deepone, after reading in his magic book, made preparations and placed a fair scroll in readiness, and arranged apparatus whereof the king and the courtiers knew nothing, and, lo! a bright beam of the sun played on Cherrylips' face, and immediately her portrait blushed upon the scroll.

Then the courtiers shouted for joy, and the king said, "Great is the magician Deepone, he maketh the sun to obey him."

The portrait of the princess thus obtained was despatched by a herald to the court of the prince Jocund, whom Dominant designed, if possible, for his son-in-law.

But in the meantime the fairy Bullyana heard of what had passed; and straightway ordering her chariot drawn by two fiery dragons, whereof the one was called Ignorance, and the other Prejudice, and who were a very nicely-matched couple, she set out for the court of king Dominant.

Bullyana met Dominant as he was passing out of his castle gates to hunt in the forest; and, assuming a terrible aspect, she said, "Thou hast dared to call to thine aid mine enemy Deepone. I cannot punish him, but I can punish thee, through the princess. Therefore, resign thyself—thou art childless—henceforth the princess Cherrylips is the slave of the fairy Bullyana."

Having pronounced these words, she rode through the palace gate, no one daring to oppose her; for the dragon Ignorance was so powerful, and Prejudice so influential, that none durst stir hand against them. Then, snatching up Cherrylips from the midst of her women, the fairy bore her screaming away; casting, as she passed in the terrible chariot, a vindictive scowl upon poor king Dominant, who groaned in anguish.

In a few minutes the fairy was out of sight, and Dominant returned to his palace refusing to be comforted.

But next day he heard a loud trumpet blast in the castle court, and forthwith prince Jocund claimed admittance. He had fallen in love with the princess's portrait, and now he had arrived to claim her hand. So the king told him all—how Bullyana had carried Cherrylips away—and the courtiers proposed to hang Deepone as the original cause of the disaster.

But the prince said, "No: Deepone is powerful—perhaps Deepone with his book may be a match for Bullyana with her dragons—wherefore, oh king, I advise thee to summon Deepone again to court." The king then took comfort, and shortly afterwards Deepone appeared.

"Sage," said prince Jocund, who was determined to win back the princess. "Sage, hast thou power?"

And Deepone replied, "Knowledge is power."

"Hast thou power over the fairy Bullyana?" again asked the prince.

"Her might," answered the sage, "lies in her dragons Ignorance and Prejudice—not in herself."

"And how are Ignorance and Prejudice to be overcome?"

"By this talisman," replied Deepone: and he showed his book.

Then it was settled that Deepone and the prince should set off together in search of the fair Cherrylips, and the king blessed them, and they departed.

Soon they came to a great city. As they traversed its streets, Deepone said, "We must know before we can act: let us visit the Fountain of Knowledge."

Now the Fountain of Knowledge was situated in a grim house in a dark street. The waters were not clear and limpid, but foul and black; and at the sight of their sable thickness, the prince started with surprise. "Be not astonished," said Deepone: "ink, not water, plays in the Fountain of Knowledge." Then addressing himself to the guardian of the fountain he said, "How can we find the princess Cherrylips?"

The guardian replied not, but waved his hand. Then a great shadowy machine arose, whirling and clattering. And a clean paper scroll being cast into it by the guardian of the fountain, the inky waters were by the wondrous machine cast upon its white surface; and suddenly they formed themselves into the following letters and words:—

Breathe under the keel of a ship which sails,  
Urge her ahead spite of tides and gales;  
Draw whispered words from dumb iron wire;  
Feed a fleet steed with water and fire:  
This must you do,—for who does it, nor winces,  
Alone can hope to win the fair Princess.

Having returned this response, the Fountain of Knowledge disappeared.

Prince Jocund was in despair. "Destiny has willed it," he said. "Farewell, dear Cherrylips."

"Not so," replied Deepone. "Courage—distrust the impossible—it is a word—nothing more. Come, let us continue our journey."

So they travelled on, day after day, till they came to the Land of Wonders. As it grew dark, they arrived at a city, and lo, they saw it lighted up without wick or oil. Flame came from metal tubes, brighter than ever the prince had seen before. So he marvelled exceedingly. "People once," said Deepone, "thought that smoke came from flame, never flame from smoke. Lo! the dwellers in this land prove how wrong they were."

"Indeed," replied the prince. "My uncle, who is emperor of China, had a subject called Aladdin, who possessed a wonderful lamp, but it was nothing to the lamps I see around me."

"Such lights were called enchanted lanterns once, now they are called gas lamps," observed the sage.

"I think," said prince Jocund, "that gas is better than magic."

And so they toiled on yet further to another vast city. It was full of great houses and high chimneys, like black pillars.

"These," said the sage, "are the dwellings where clanking machinery of iron and steel and wood spins garments for the world. That city could clothe the universe. Its machines, with their unthinking levers and wheels can beat all human handiwork. They are called POWER-LOOMS."

"Oh," said the prince, "even the enchanted distaffs of my kingdom can do nothing like that. I see—I see—a power-loom is better than an enchanted distaff."

And still they journeyed, and the prince was becoming impatient to have an opportunity of at least attempting to perform one of the conditions upon which the recovery of Cherrylips was to depend, when they reached the margin of a river—a thousand ships were sailing with the tide.

"Ah," said Jocund, "behold water and ships, but alas, we are not fishes to breathe beneath the waves."

"Hush," replied Deepone, "follow me bravely." And the sage led the prince into a circular pavilion upon the river's bank, in the centre whereof they saw a huge chasm, like a well, with a winding staircase leading down into the bowels of the earth. And the sage addressed himself to descend, but the prince was somewhat frightened, for airy croaking voices screamed in his ear, "Don't attempt it!"—"Madness,"—"Can't be done," and such

like phrases—while low-browed, big-jawed phantoms grinned at him.

But Deepone opened his book, the demons vanished, and the two adventurers strode boldly down the winding stair. It was a dim, awful place, and the prince longed for the light of day. At length they reached the hollow of a huge well, and behind a long gallery extending before them, illuminated with twinkling lamps. They entered it boldly. It reminded the prince of the enchanted grottos and caverns which abounded in that part of his kingdom abutting on fairy land. No noise was heard, and the stillness was solemn.

Suddenly the sage addressed the prince, "You have fulfilled the first condition."

"How?" said the prince; "where is the water and the sailing ship?"

"Both above you," replied Deepone; "the one flows, the other floats, over your head."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Prince Jocund, quite delighted at finding he had made such progress. "And who is the wizard who bored this mighty cavern?"

"A wizard called Brunel," said Deepone.

"He is greater than the wizard, Michael Scott," answered the prince. And presently they ascended to the further bank of the river, leaving it far behind as they proceeded along.

And now the heavens darkened—the thunder muttered, and a strong wind swept furiously by.

"Let us again shelter," said the prince; "the storm will be terrible."

"But we must face it," replied Deepone.

And as they spoke, they heard the roaring of the sea; and presently they saw the ocean all white with foam, which the tempest was dashing on the shore.

"And now," said the prince, "you see we must stop; not even the best galley of the king, my father, though its ribs are inlaid with gold, and its prow glitters with diamonds, and its sails are richest satin; nay, although it has been blest by sea-nymphs, and enchanted by the song of mermaids, could sail against so fierce a storm."

As he spoke, they stood on the beach, and the sea thundered furiously at their feet.

"Where lies the course?" inquired the prince.

"Right outward, on the ocean—to the point from whence the tempest blows," returned Deepone. "We must invoke the STEAM SPIRIT."

"Where dwells she?" asked the prince.

"Her home is immortal; it is in the mind-built palace of the eternal Watt," replied the sage.

"What did Watt do?" asked the prince.

"More than Zoroaster," responded Deepone. "Look there."

The prince looked, and beheld what he had not at first seen—a snug cove—with a bark riding in it. It was quite different from his father's galleys; for on each side were placed vast wheels, and between them the prince saw an iron chimney smoking, whereat he greatly marvelled.

There was no time, however, for wonder: "Follow me, onward," said Deepone. And in a moment they stood upon the deck.

"Are there no sails?" said the prince.

"None," said Deepone, "we require none."

"No oars?"

"We need none."

"But how can a ship move against wind, and tide, and waves, without either oars or sails?" inquired the prince; and as he spoke he heard the same voices which had beset him in the gallery beneath the river, whisper. "How indeed—a likely scheme, truly."

But a loud, shrill whistle, which rose high above the roar of the sea, drowned the voices—and forthwith the great wheels turned, and in spite of wind, and waves, and tide, the ship moved gallantly on.

"We are in a charmed bark," said the prince. "By whom was it enchanted?"

"By Science," replied Deepone. Look here."

And he showed the prince a vast machine of iron and steel, straining and labouring; and while the sailors lay down and slept around, the clanking monster did their labour, and urged the ship forward.

The sea beat furiously against them; the wind shrieked and roared in its fury; the speeding tide ran foaming astern; but, urging her way steadily onward, trusting only to her own mighty inner impulse, the wonderful ship pursued its track, heedless of all—triumphant over all. And as distant land loomed dimly forth ahead—and wind and tide, as if ashamed of the baffled fury, sank to rest, the second condition was accomplished.

"Ah!" said the prince; "hot water against cold—the power of steam against the power of wind."

So they landed and travelled on.

"How are we to know where the fairy Bullyana has bestowed the princess," said Jocund. "Is not this dim land her dominion; and here will not all things conspire against us?"

"Not so," replied Deepone. "Be of good cheer. There is no land where knowledge is not power; consult we the whispering wires. See—behold them!"

The prince looked, and observed four wires stretched upon poles, and extending further than the eye could reach. He marvelled exceedingly how these iron



threads could give him the knowledge he sought for; and inwardly remarked, that the people of his kingdom, the land of romance, could turn them to no better use than to dry wet clothes on.

"Here," said Deepone, interrupting his companion's reverie. "Here is the temple of the whispering wire."

It was a species of small grotto, but above the earth, not below it.

On entering they were saluted by the guardian of the temple. He looked at Deepone, and when he saw his look, he bowed before him. "Welcome," said the guardian. "Thou art one of our brotherhood—the pioneers of the Lady Knowledge."

"Can thy whispering wires hold converse with the castle of the fairy Bullyana?" demanded Deepone.

"Surely they can," was the reply. "Her benighted subjects know not as yet the power which our stretching wire give us. They look but on them as mere ordinary metal."

"Demand, then," said Deepone, "whether the princess Cherrylips be held in bondage by the fairy Bullyana."

"But how far is it from hence to the castle of the fairy?" asked the prince.

"A thousand leagues," replied the guardian of the temple.

"And can the whispering wires whisper so far?" said the prince, in great astonishment.

"To them," replied Deepone, "an inch is an ell—a thousand leagues as a yard."

Meantime the guardian advanced to an inner shrine, and put the demand required to the whispering wires: and in an instant the metallic voices, eloquent though silent, replied,

"The princess Cherrylips is confined in the castle of Bullyana."

"Wonderful!" said the prince; "behold the dumb wires' language."

So they passed out, and the prince saw two cabalistical words inscribed over the portal. They were "ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH."

The guardian of the temple having saluted Deepone with great respect, they pursued their way.

"Three conditions of the four," remarked the prince, "are fulfilled, but the hardest is to come—where to find a steed which fattens his iron sinews on living coals. What would be the most terrible of dragons—even that which my friend St. George killed the other day—to such an animal! But it is impossible that such can exist!"

"Hope on—believe on," replied Deepone. "If the age of one race of miracles is going—that of another is coming."

As he spoke, they stood before a huge

building. It seemed a species of palace; high pillars guarded its vast portals, and long piles of delectable structure stretched away on either hand. It was a vast place.

"Let us enter," said Deepone.

They did so, and found themselves in a species of immense pavilion. The roof was iron, and so were the pillars which supported it. From a massive platform of stone where they stood, they could see this roof, crossed and barred by numberless rods and metal beams, stretching out its great proportions; and beneath it, the prince remarked a vast number of iron animals—some stationary—some moving hither and thither—emitting from time to time loud pantings, and glaring with inward fire.

"Behold!" said Deepone, "the stable of the fiery steeds."

The prince looked on stupefied. Presently one of the iron horses advanced close to him. He shrank from the awful power manifest in the grinding motions of its huge metal limbs.

"Lo! our charger: mount, and let us depart for the castle of Bullyana."

Were it not his faithful Deepone who uttered these words, the prince would never have mustered sufficient courage to approach the terrible monster. As it was, he mounted tremblingly. Deepone took his place beside him. The iron horse uttered a loud neigh of eagerness—shrill indeed as a whistle—and then panting with its glowing breath, it shot swiftly away.

How terrible was its progress!—Over vast plains, and by dimly-seen cities—pausing not—faltering not—flying with one continuous rush—leaving behind swift birds and animals—on, on, bounded the wondrous steed. For some time prince Jocund had no breath to speak; the rapidity of the flight deprived him of it, and he clung, instinctively, to Deepone, who regulated by an iron bridle the motions of the horse.

"This is awful!" he said at last. "I have heard of a horse, possessed by one of my royal relations—you may perhaps have read about it in the 'Arabian Nights,' a work which contains accounts of many remarkable adventurers and facts—which had a curious characteristic. It was of wood, yet it could fly: now this seems as wonderful; it is of iron, yet it can run."

"Truly," said Deepone, with a smile, "the marvels are similar."

"Now," continued the prince, "my kinsman's horse could fly over that mountain we are approaching."

"And mine," replied Deepone, "can plunge beneath it."

He had no sooner spoken, when, with a loud scream, and a cold rush of wet air,

the iron horse, leaving the open light and a warm sun, plunged into the hill-side, and swept furiously, in utter darkness, through the very bowels of the mountain.

The prince, fairly frightened, spoke not, until they emerged from his subterranean way as suddenly as they had entered it. Then he said solemnly, "The horse of iron is greater than the horse of wood."

"I know not the name of your wooden steed," replied Deepone. "This animal is called LOCOMOTIVE."

And now they are approaching Bullyana's castle. The air grew dim and the country seemed covered with a blurring and blotting haze. But wherever "Locomotive" went it brightened, the wonderful horse threw out bursts of vivid flame which lightened all around, and a dim army of phantom shapes, some of them looming amid the retiring darkness like old carriages and waggons of different descriptions, flew tumultuously before the iron horse. It seemed that they could not endure the gleam of his brightness, nor the fury of his rush.

"See," said Deepone, "how the dim forms of this land of Ignorance and Prejudice flee before us."

As he spoke, the far-off towers of the castle of Bullyana appeared; they were at first but indistinctly seen on account of the unhealthy haze, but as "Locomotive" advanced, his riders beheld a countless swarm of retainers and subjects of the fairy Bullyana, drawn up in battle array across the path, with the purpose, as it seemed, of disputing their progress. For a moment the prince was discouraged, when he looked at the numbers opposed to him; but at the same instant he desisted the princess Cherrylips (he knew her immediately, for the sun's portraits are unfailing) waving her hand to him from the top of the castle tower. Then, indeed, he shouted an involuntary war-cry, which was returned by the host before him. Truly they appeared somewhat formidable. Right in the track stood the fairy Bullyana, bearing the sceptre of her empire, in shape like a gallows. On either side was stationed her dragons, Ignorance and Prejudice; behind the fairy was a species of shrine inclosing an idol horrible to behold, and on the shrine was written the Shibboleth of the idolatry—

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

All around were disposed a countless multitude—worshippers of the fairy and the idol.

And thus they waited the onset. It soon came. With the rush of all heaven's whirlwinds—with the roar of all heaven's artillery—the awful steed thundered over the array—crushing it—annihilating it—dashing to dust the fairy and the temple, and the idol, leaving but the memory of

the opposing host as of old bad things which were.

And as the armies of Bullyana were thus destroyed, the castle fell, and mouldered away, with a loud roaring noise; ramparts and citadels vanished away, and, amid the whirl of the dissolution, Jocund leaped triumphantly to the ground, and clasped the princess Cherrylips, unharmed, amid the destruction around.

Then, lo! a beaming light shone gloriously forth, investing, as it were the prince, princess, and Deepone in its splendour. The last remnants of the palace of Bullyana melted before its pure brightness; and a loud voice ringing like a thousand trumpets proclaimed—

DEEPONE IS WISDOM: PRINCE JOCOND IS ENTERPRISE; and the PRINCESS CHERRYLIPS IS SUCCESS.

WISDOM and ENTERPRISE ever win SUCCESS.

### ENGRAVING ON GLASS.

Some beautiful specimens of printing from designs engraved, or rather etched, upon glass, have been presented by a German, and the specimens far exceed in beauty and clearness any of the kind that we have ever before seen. It is well known that by exposure to certain chemical agency the surface of glass becomes absorbed or eaten away, so that it is rendered uneven, and of the character and appearance of ground glass. Glass is a substance formed by the chemical union of several materials, such as oxide of lead, silica or flint, and an alkali, as potash or soda; as a chemical compound, glass is exceedingly persistent, not being liable, when well made, to undergo change by exposure to the air, heat, or any ordinary chemical agent, however powerful; the strongest mineral acids produce no effect upon it, neither do the alkalies, particularly when it is made without lead; almost the only chemical substance capable of affecting it is the element fluorine, under the form of hydrofluoric acid. When glass is exposed to the action of this agent, it is speedily dissolved, owing to the destruction of its chemical character as glass, and the formation of a new substance by the union of the fluorine with its elements. This action may be stopped at pleasure, so that the glass may be either externally affected only or otherwise entirely dissolved. The process employed in the etching is as follows:—The plate glass is covered with a very thin coating of bitumen and wax, a coating of sufficient thickness only to be continuous upon the surface of the plate; through this the design is traced with a sharp steel needle, and hatched as in ordinary etching; the plate is then subjected

to the action of the solvent, the effect of which may be regulated to a nicety; when this action has continued sufficiently long for the delicate parts, they are stopped out, and the stronger lines further bitten, until the effect is complete. The glass plate is then rendered thicker by plaster of Paris, so as to be able to resist the pressure in printing. The great advantage of this process is in the solvent employed; this is as yet kept secret by the inventor, but it will, we believe, be shortly given to the world. The engravings by this method possess extraordinary sharpness and delicacy, and the plates do not wear like copper or steel.

### The Gatherer.

*An Anecdote of Twin Sisters.*—We know of a farmer in Connecticut who has a pair of twin daughters of whom a capital anecdote is told. They both attend the same school, and not long since one of them was called up by the master to receive a lesson in geography which she had learned imperfectly, and, in fact, could not go on at all. The teacher, who was getting quite out of patience, was called on to another part of the room, and, just at that moment, the twin sister sprang on the floor unobserved, and pushing the delinquent scholar to her seat, took her place. The master proceeded with the questions, which were answered with a degree of promptness and accuracy which, at the close, drew forth from him a few words of commendation. The joke was not discovered by the teacher until some days after. Of course it was too good and successful to occasion any offence.—*American Paper.*

*Drunkenness.*—During the past month 879 persons were committed to the city Bridewell by the police, of which number 751 were drunkards. For the corresponding month in the previous year (1844) the number committed was 562, of which 433 were drunkards; showing an increase in the crime of drunkenness of 319!—*Cork Constitution.*

*Invisible Writing.*—The plan of writing with rice water, to be rendered visible by application of iodine, was practised with great success in the correspondence of Jellalabad. The first letter of this kind received from thence was concealed in a quill. On opening it, a small paper was unfolded on which appeared only a single word, "iodine." The magic liquid was applied, and an interesting despatch from Sir Robert Sale stood forth.—*United Service Magazine.*

*Hatton, the Dancing Chancellor.*—The tender heart of Elizabeth was at once touched by his athletic frame, manly

beauty, and graceful air; and she openly expressed her admiration of his dancing. An offer was instantly made by her to admit him of the band of gentleman pensioners. He expressed great willingness to renounce all his prospects in the profession of the law, but informed her that he had incurred debts which were beginning to be troublesome to him. She advanced him money to pay them off—at the same time (*more suo*) taking a bond and statute merchant to pay her when he should ever hear of these securities, which afterwards were supposed to be the cause of his death;—and before he had even reached the degree of apprentice or utter barrister, he joyfully transferred himself from his dull chambers in the Temple to a gay apartment assigned him in the palace, near the queen's. He was henceforward the reigning favourite, and his official promotion was rapid. He was successively made a gentleman of the queen's privy chamber, captain of the band of gentleman pensioners (her body guard), vice-chamberlain, and a member of the privy council. This delight of the queen to honour him caused much envy and some scandal. Complaints were uttered, that under the existing government nothing could be obtained by any others than "dancers and carpet knights—such as the Earl of Lincoln and Master Hatton, who were admitted to the queen's privy chamber."—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

*Anecdote of Forrest, the American Actor.*—The following story is told of Forrest the American tragedian, and an eminent judge. When they were both young, and unknown to fame and each other, they met at a modern inn, by chance they were put to sleep in the same room. Both retired in the dark, each suspicious of the other. They slept pretty comfortably, so well that they refused to rise in the morning. They were lying, eying each other with ferocious looks until noon, when Forrest, making a desperate effort, called out, "Stranger, why don't you get up?" "What is that to you?" "I have a particular reason for asking," muttered Forrest, and plunged his head beneath the clothes. Presently the other raised his head and said, "I say, my friend, perhaps you will answer me, if I put the question, to which I refused to reply to yourself?" "Well, then," said Forrest, rolling the clothes off slowly, and striking his heels upon the floor, "I have no shirt, and did not care to expose my poverty." "Oh!" said the other, leaping with a greyhound-like bound into the middle of the apartment, "why didn't you say that before?—that is just my predicament."